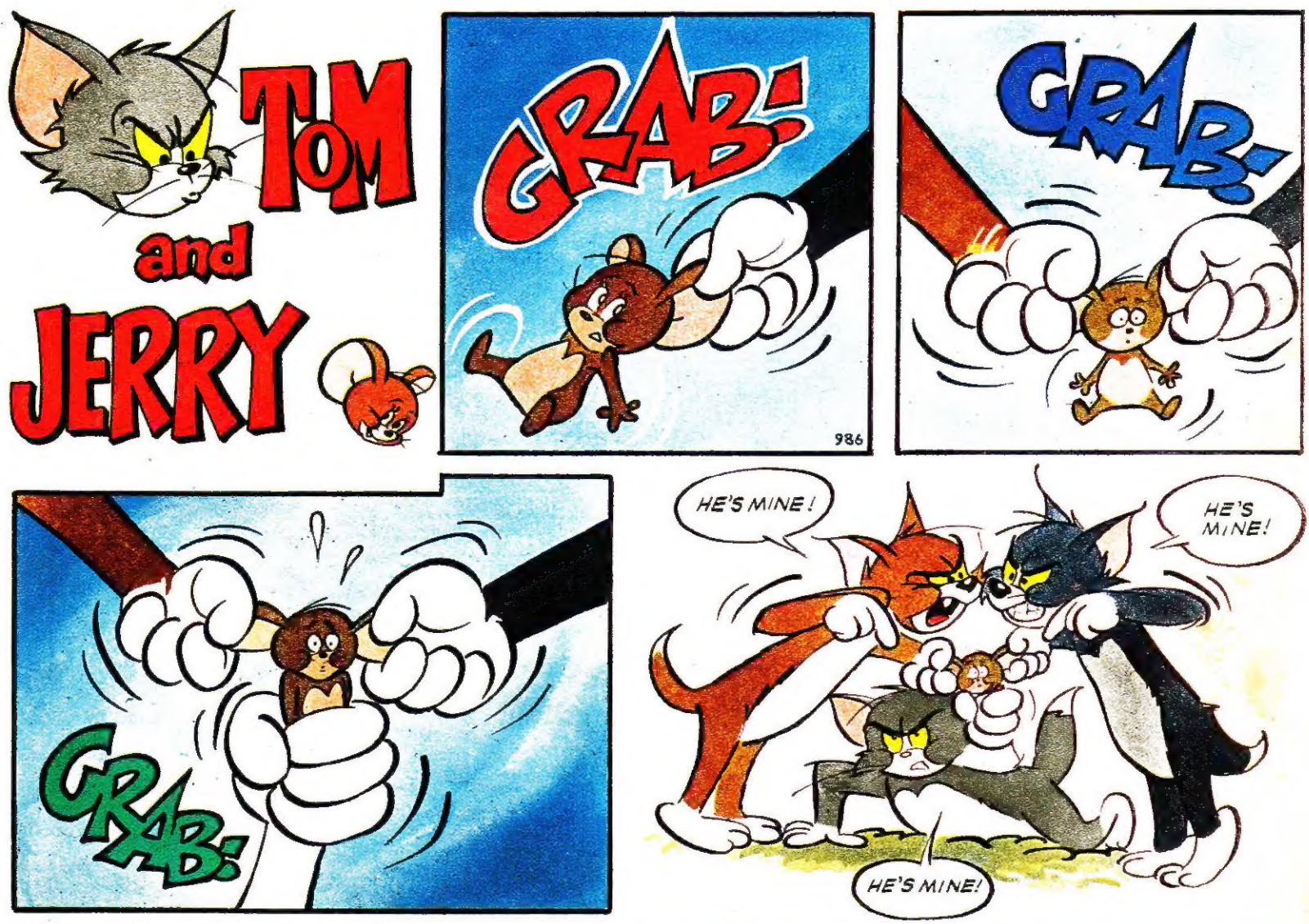
Merry mirth with Mighty Moth on page five.

TV COMIC

9d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 7th November, 1970 | Number 986


TOM and JERRY
GRAB!
986
GRAB!
GRAB!
HE'S MINE!
HE'S MINE!
HE'S MINE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS...I'LL SHUFFLE THESE THREE CUPS AROUND AND WHICHEVER ONE OF US PICKS THE CUP WITH JERRY IN, CAN KEEP HIM!
FAIR ENOUGH!
THIS ISN'T EXACTLY MY CUP OF TEA...I'VE HAD IT, WHOEVER WINS!

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'Pick the winner' on page 2.

OKAY, WHISKER... YOU CAN HAVE FIRST CHOICE!
BAH! NOTHING!... IT'S YOUR TURN, FLOSST!
PHOOEY! I CHOSE WRONG TOO!
LOOKS LIKE I GET TO KEEP HIM... HARD LUCK, FELLAHS! TUK! TUK!
OH, BOY... THIS IS GOING TO BE DELICIOUS...
GRAB!
EH?
GRAB!
GRAB
ULP!
HE'S MINE!
HE'S MINE!
HE'S MINE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE IT - WE'LL SHUFFLE THESE THREE BUCKETS AROUND!
THIS LOOKS LIKE WHERE WE CAME IN, FOLKS! TE! HE! HE!
? ?
BILL TIDY

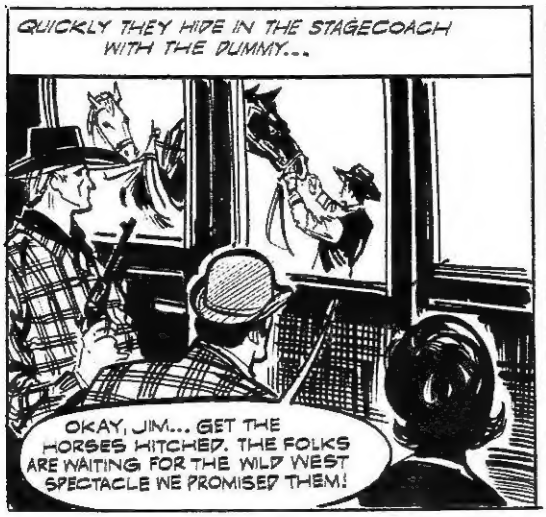
A cuckoo clock makes a ' cuckoo ' out of Tom next week.

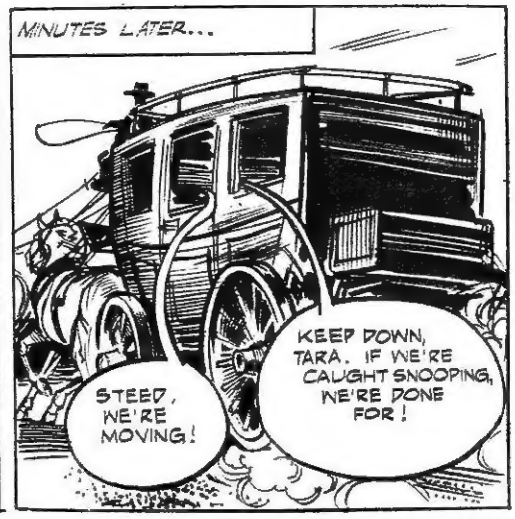
TV Terrors
YEOW! THEY'RE FILMING THE CIRCUS FOR TELLY TODAY!
RIGHT! LET'S GO!
TV GOSSIP
SO...
THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET IN, HE! HE! HE!
AND THIS IS ONE WAY TO LEAVE! HEH-HEH!
WHUMP!
YEAAGH! HOPPIT'S HERE!
NO TRESPASSERS ALLOWED WHILE THE GREAT HOPPIT'S ON DUTY!
LATER AT THE ANIMAL QUARTERS...
'KENNY' the kicking KANGAROO
THE HARDEST SHOT IN FOOTBALL
GOSH! LOOK AT THOSE FEET! THEY'RE EVEN BIGGER THAN HOPPIT'S!
BAM!
SIZZLE!
THUD!
OOF!
AND LOOK AT THAT SHOT! EVEN HOPPIT COULDN'T BEAT THAT!
HEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
SO...
I HOPE YOU'RE READY FOR ACTION, BOOTS - THERE'S NO SAYING WHEN THE TERRORS MIGHT COME BACK!
SNIGGER!
FLICK! FLICK!
AAGH!
GOAL! WHAT A SHOT! IT MUST BE A GOAL!
WHUMP!
THUD!
LUMME! SOME FOLKS LIKE THROWING THEIR WEIGHT AROUND, DON'T THEY?
BONK! BONK! BONK!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
HA! HA! HOPPIT WON'T BE IN ANY SHAPE TO BOTHER US NOW!
NO ONE CAN STOP US FROM GOING IN!
YEOOW! HE'S BACK!
WHUMP!
BUT HE CAN'T BE!
WHAT A LIFE! KENNY'S ON GUARD!
REMIND ME NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS FOR GETTING RID OF HOPPIT!

You'll dance with joy with a dancing bear next week.

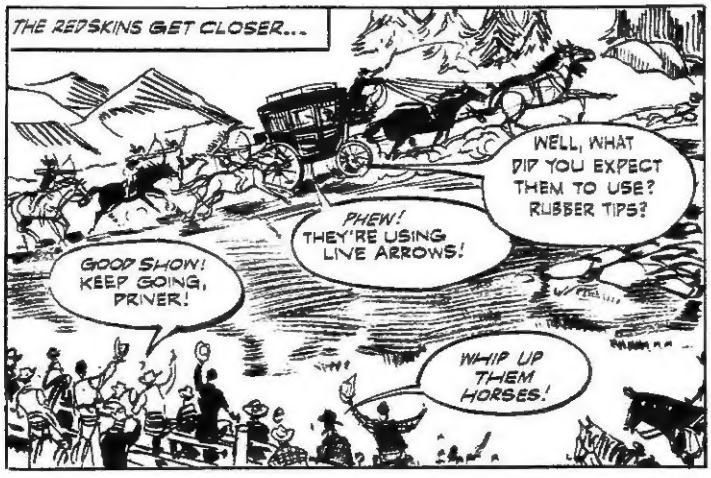
THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara believe that the arrival of a foreign spy at a wild west style ranch in Hampshire proves the owners of the ranch possess stolen plans. Steed thinks a stage-coach conceals the documents, but they find two coaches. Tara senses they are being watched.

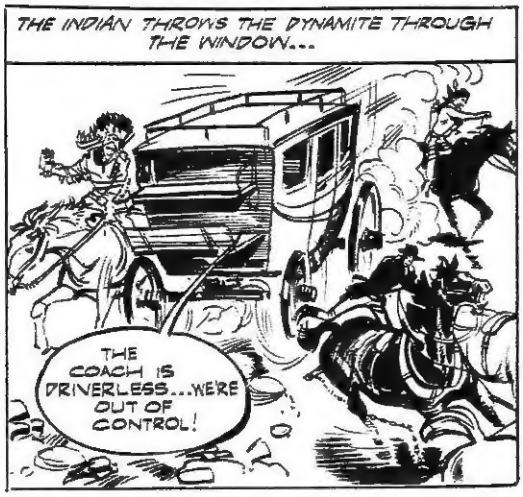

QUICKLY THEY HIDE IN THE STAGECOACH WITH THE DUMMY...
OKAY, JIM... GET THE HORSES HITCHED. THE FOLKS ARE WAITING FOR THE WILD WEST SPECTACLE WE PROMISED THEM!



THE COACH IS DRIVEN TO A LARGE FIELD. SUDDENLY...
INDIANS! WE'RE PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.
YES. WE PICKED THE WRONG COACH. THE PLANS MUST BE HIDDEN IN THE OTHER ONE!


THE REDSKINS GET CLOSER...
GOOD SHOW! KEEP GOING, DRIVER!
PHEW! THEY'RE USING LIVE ARROWS!
WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT THEM TO USE? RUBBER TIPS?
WHIP UP THEM HORSES!

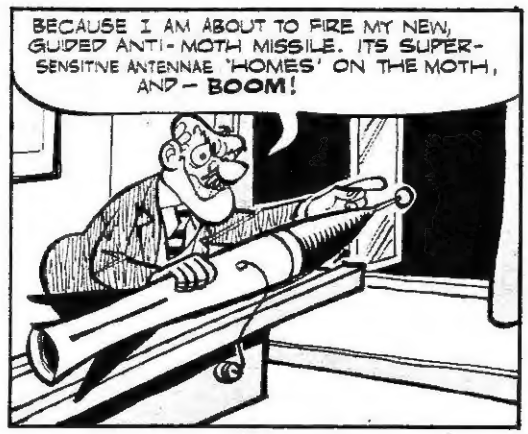
AS THE COACH REACHES THE TOP OF THE HILL...
OKAY, FRANK... I'M RELEASING THE HORSES!
RIGHT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE COACH WHEN YOU'RE CLEAR!

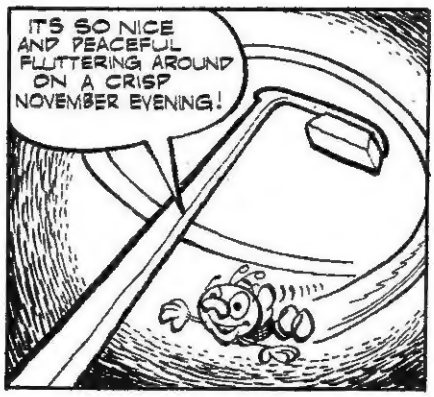


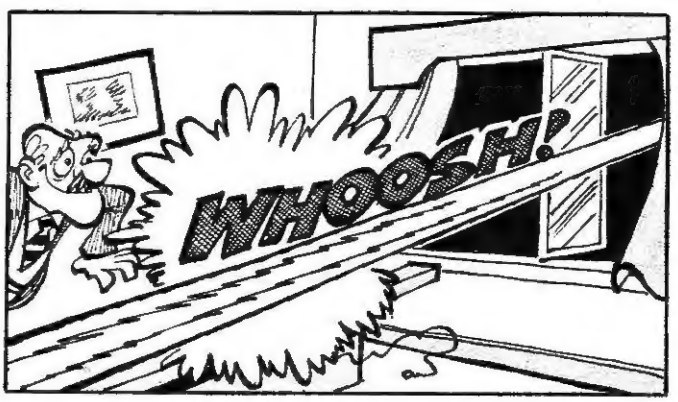
Based on the Thames Television production

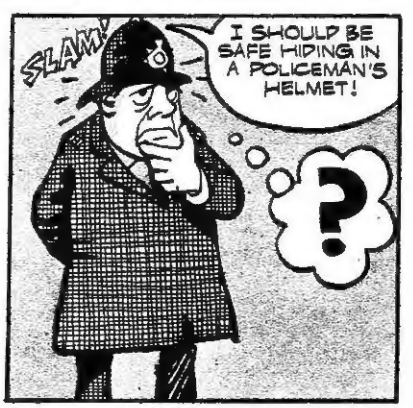
What now ? Real dynamite out of reach behind the dummy !

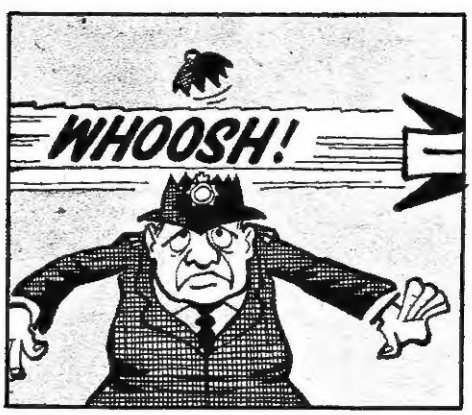
MIGHTY MOTH











EXCUSE ME, OFFICER, HAVE YOU SEEN A GUIDED MISSILE FLYING AROUND? IT'S ABOUT SO BIG!
OH, SO IT'S YOURS, IS IT? YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME!

Laughs by the score when Mighty plays football next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has been mistaken for a hired waiter and sent to Lord Bracerite's kitchens to help at a hunt dinner. The wizard is delighted because he and his toad, Touchwood, are so hungry. They think they will eat at last.

BOUNTIFUL MASTER, SUCH LOVELY SMELLS IN HERE! 'TIS A ROAST OF BEEF, IF I MISTAKE NOT. MAY WE EAT, MY TOUCHWOOD AND I?
986
CRUMBS, YOU'RE A FUNNY KIND O' WAITER! I DUNNO WHAT TOADS EAT, ANYWAY!

DON'T WORRY, MATE, I'VE BEEN HUNGRY MYSELF. JUST YOU WHEEL THIS IN FOR THE BUTLER TO CARVE, AND I'LL SEE YOU GET TWO LARGE SLICES AFTERWARDS FOR YOURSELF!
OH, HAPPY DAY! TRULY WILL I PUSH THIS LOVELY ROAST!

MEANTIME, THE DINNER GUESTS ARE WAITING...
JOLLY GOOD OF YOU, LORD BRACERITE, TO INVITE US TO THIS HUNT DINNER!
THINK NOTHIN' OF IT, M'BOY... MUST HAVE A GOOD FEED BEFORE WE HUNT IN THE MORNIN'!
YES, RATHER, WHAT?

AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE, LADY BRACERITE IS A BEAMING HOSTESS...
MY DEAR, HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU? SUCH A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE! AT LUNCH THIS MORNING, SOME HORRID WAITER PUT A TOAD IN MY SOUP!
OOOH! HOW HORRIBLE!
REVOLTING!

O, THOU BUMBLING TOAD, WHAT HAST THOU DONE TO ME? NOW WILL I RECEIVE AGAIN WHAT THEY CALL THE 'CHUCK,' YET NEVER RECEIVE MY TWO SLICES!

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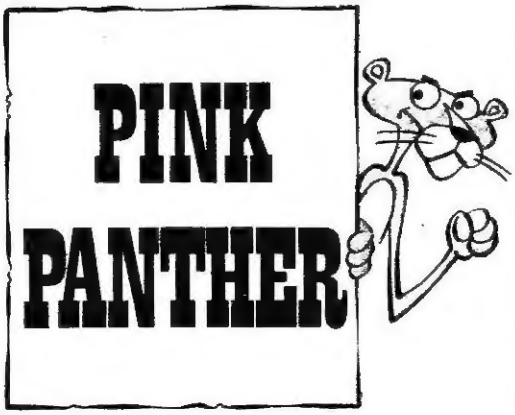
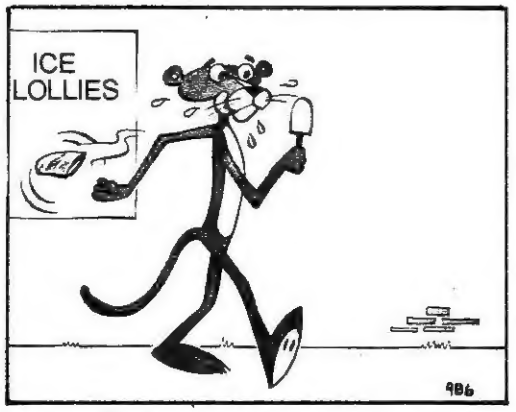
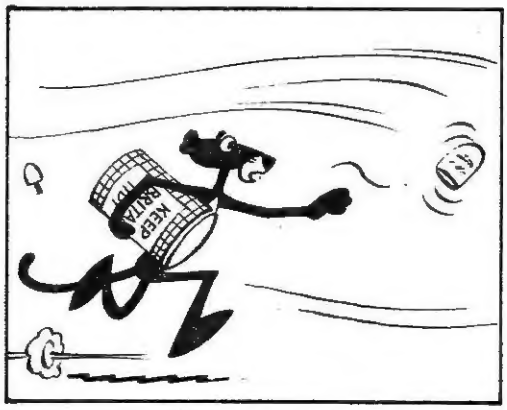
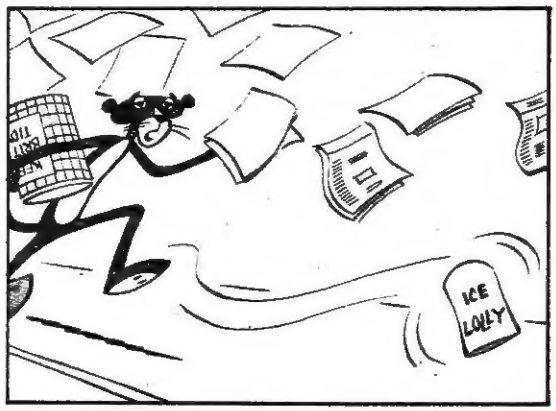
Will Catweazle ever eat? See next week.

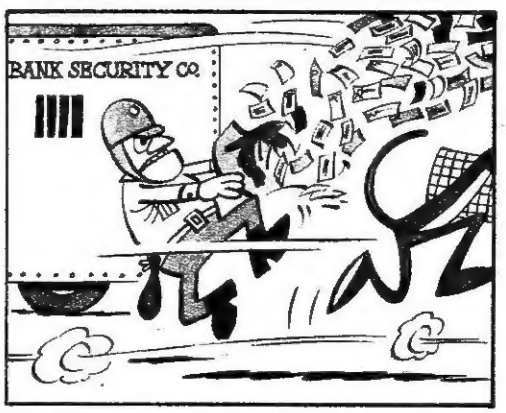
PINK PANTHER

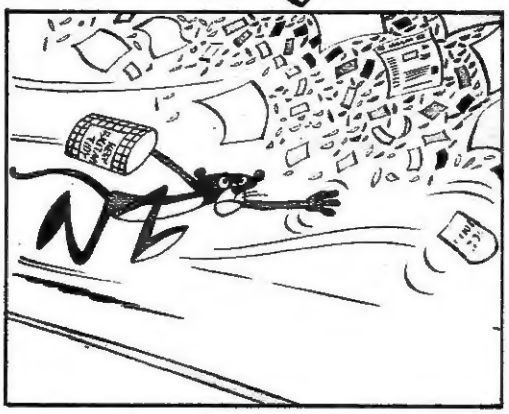


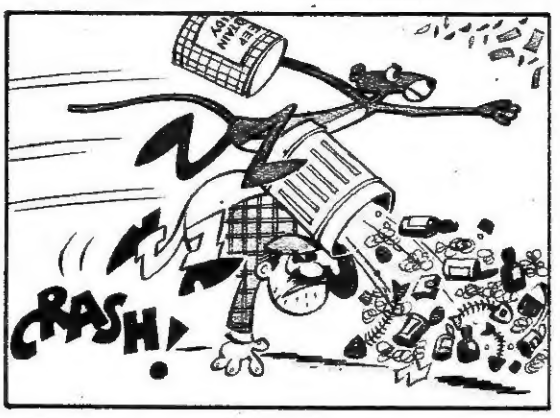


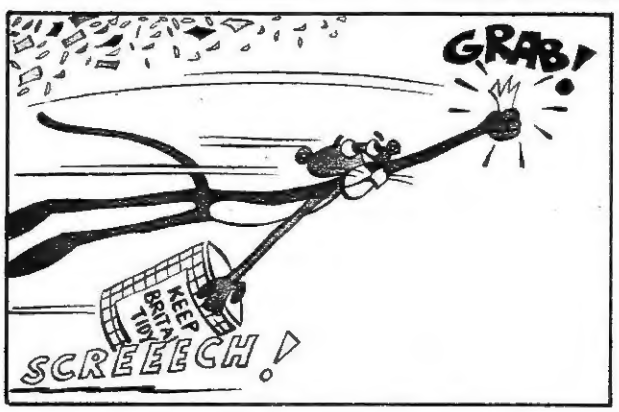












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Tour the world with Pink Panther next week.

Tich and Quackers

COO! WHAT A SHINER, TICH!

986

BUT CHEER UP! - PERCY HAS TWO SHINERS! IT WAS SOME SCRAP!

I SUPPOSE SO, QUACKERS - ANYWAY, I'LL HAVE TO PUT SOMETHING ON IT!

THAT PIECE OF 'EYEING' STEAK SHOULD DO THE TRICK, LAD!

THANKS A LOT!

AAGH! THAT BRUTE'S PINCHED MY STEAK!

SNAP!

THAT'S RIGHT, TICH - BRUTUS LIKES A BIT OF RAW STEAK!

COME BACK! COME BACK WITH MY STEAK!

HO-HO! NOW TO BUY SOME STEAK FOR MY EYES!

ONLY THE BEST STEAKS, PLEASE - AND CUT THEM THICK!

CERTAINLY, MASTER PERCY! RIGHT AWAY!

JUST THEN...

BUTCHER

WE HAVE HIM TRAPPED NOW, QUACKERS!

OH, NO! NOT IN HERE, BRUTUS!

HEAVE! HEAVE!

GURRR!

GIVE UP, TICH! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE IT! BRUTUS HAS A GRIP LIKE A VICE!

GRRRR! GRRR

HELP! THE STEAKS RIPPED!

RIP!

CRUMP!

HEY! LOOK OUT, YOU CLOT OF A DOG! THAT'S MY SAUSAGE-MAKING MACHINE!

HUM-MM!

CLICK!

WHIRR!

RATTLE!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE SWITCHED IT ON - AND IT DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT!

OH, NO!

COO!

I'M OFF!

AAGH! HELP! KEEP THEM AWAY!

HO-HO! FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN ANYONE PUT SAUSAGES ON A BLACK EYE, QUACKERS!

GRR!

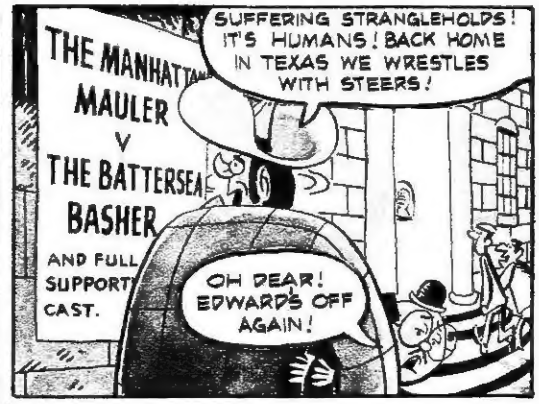
VERY CUTE!

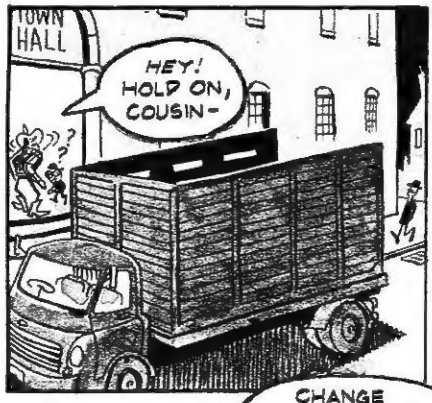
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

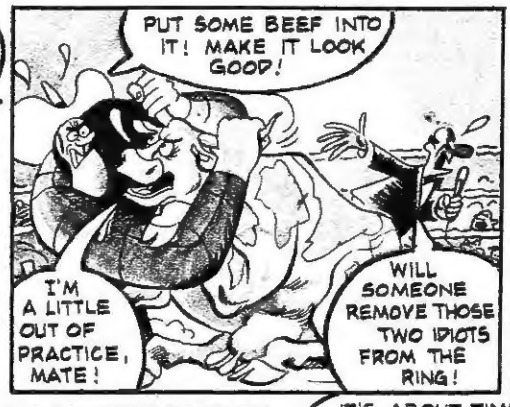
Tich and Quackers are in TV Comic Annual. On sale now.

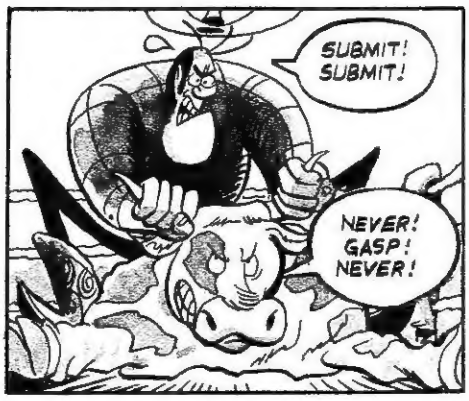
TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

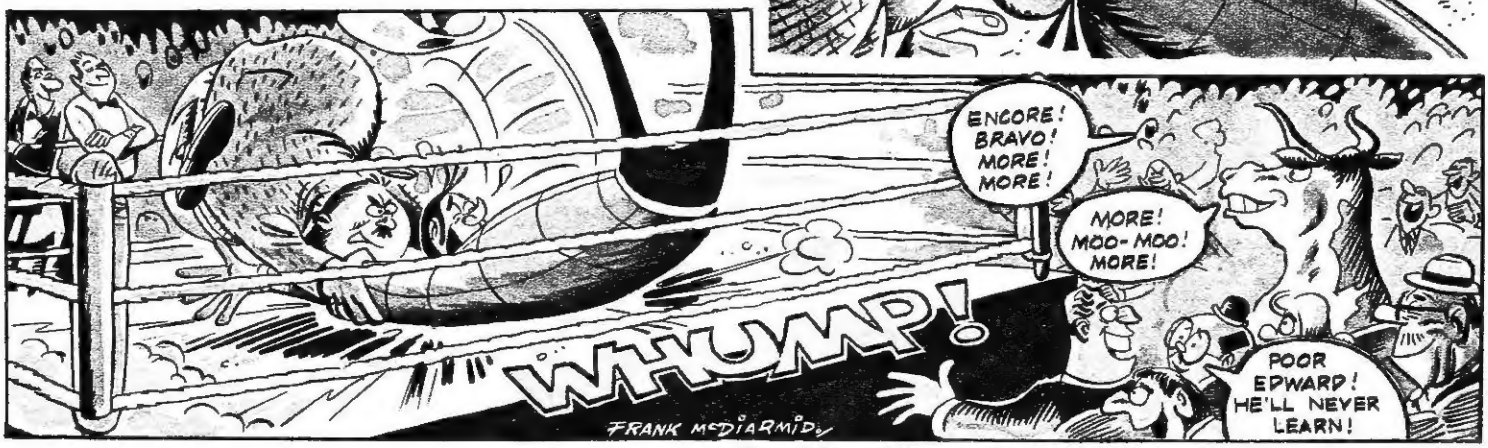

THE MANHATTAN MAULER V THE BATTERSEA BASHER
AND FULL SUPPORT CAST.
SUFFERING STRANGLEHOLDS! IT'S HUMANS! BACK HOME IN TEXAS WE WRESTLES WITH STEERS!
OH DEAR! EDWARD'S OFF AGAIN!







IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TAUGHT YOU A LESSON, COWBOY, AND I THINK I'M THE ONE TO DO IT!
YOU AND WHOSE ARMY!
RECKON I'LL LEAVE THEM TO IT!



Our big stiff is a bit stiff after exercises next week.

BASIL BRUSH

LOOKS LIKE THE TV AERIAL'S COME LOOSE! I'D BETTER PHONE UP THE TELLY BLOKES AND GET 'EM TO COME AND FIX IT!

INDEED YOU WILL NOT, CHUMMERS! I AM QUITE CAPABLE OF FIXING IT MYSELF!

B-BUT, GUV! IT'S DANGEROUS UP THERE! AND THERE'S A GUSTY WIND!

REALLY, CHUMMERS! DON'T YOU REMEMBER- I WAS A MEMBER OF THAT FAMOUS ARMY EXPEDITION THAT PLANTED THE BRITISH FLAG ON MOUNT BATTION!

ER-NO, GUV!

THEN I SHALL TELL YOU NOW, OLD BOY! THERE WE WERE, BATTLING THROUGH BLIZZARDS WITH TREACHEROUS ICE UNDERFOOT!

-THEN, JUST 200 FEET FROM THE PEAK, CONDITIONS BECAME SO BAD THAT THE COLONEL CALLED A HALT AND REFUSED TO LET US GO ANY FURTHER! SOME EVEN WANTED TO TURN BACK!

GOOD LUCK MY BOY! BRITAIN IS PROUD OF YOU!

BUT NOT BASIL! HE VOLUNTEERED TO GO IT ALONE!

GOSH! THIS IS EXCITING STUFF, GUV!

AND I MADE IT TO THE TOP! BUT, JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO PLANT THE FLAG-

YES, GUV? COME ON, GUV! OUT WITH IT!

BE PATIENT CHUMMERS! FIRST I MUST FIX THE AERIAL!

AW, GUV, JUST WHEN IT WAS BECOMIN' EXCITIN'!

H'MM! IT HAS JUST WORKED LOOSE FROM THE BRACKET! ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO IS STICK IT IN!

YEEAAGH HELP!

70 M.P.H. GUST

HELP!

IT'S THE GUY! HE'S COME UNSTUCK!

OH DEAR! FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, OLD CHUM!

CRUMP!

YERK!

ER- PERHAPS I HAD BETTER TELL YOU THE REST OF MY STORY NOW, OLD BEAN!

GIVE ME THREE GUESSES, GUV!

YES, CHUMMERS! I'M AFRAID A GUST OF WIND CAUGHT ME AND BLEW ME BACK DOWN- RIGHT ON TOP OF MY BATMAN!

AND YOU WRAPPED THE FLAG ABOUT HIS EARS- DON'T TELL ME!

CRUMP!

YEEAACH!

QUITE AMAZING! REALLY! SIGH!

YEAH! AMAZIN' GUV!

Jumbo size laughs next week with Basil and an elephant!

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THERE is a family of cheetahs at the Zoo, Mother, Father and three babies. Cheetahs can run very quickly and they have been timed running at well over fifty miles an hour.

HAVE YOU EVER RUN AT 50 MILES AN HOUR?

THOUSANDS OF TIMES!

I KNOW HOW FAST I GO ALL RIGHT!

WHERE'S YOUR SPEEDOMETER THEN, DAD?

COME ON, RACE PROPERLY. ONE, TWO, THREE..... GO..

HEY, I'M NOT READY!

I BET I CAN RACE YOU!

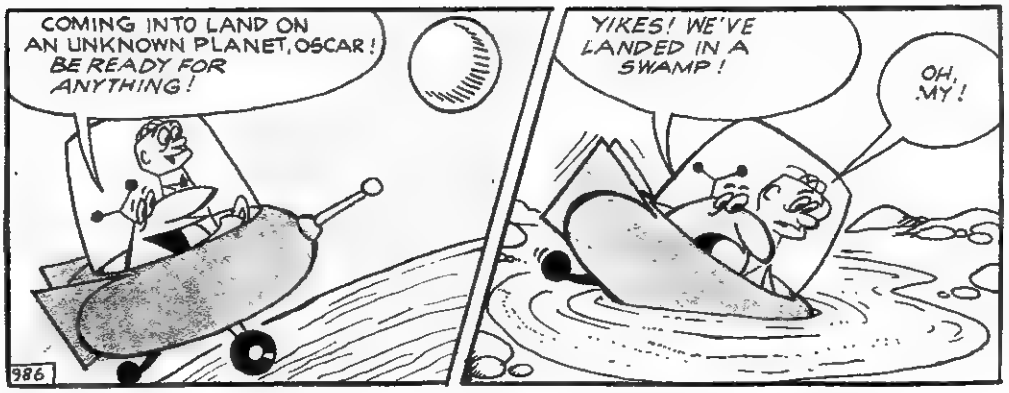
I BET YOU CAN'T!

YOU STARTED TOO SOON.

WELL, I AM A BIT OF A CHEATER, AREN'T I?

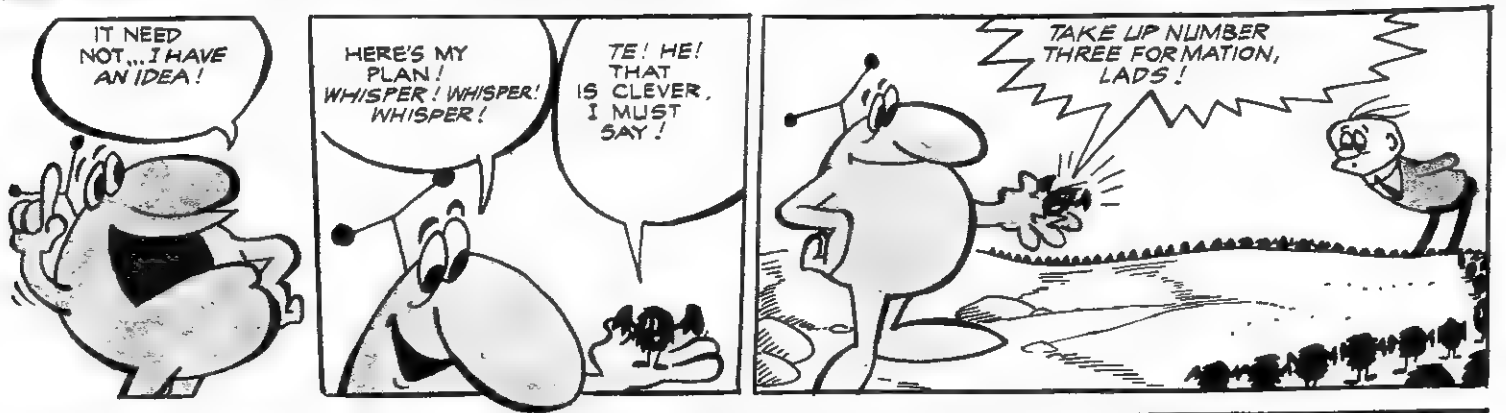
Next week Johnny Morris talks about gibbons.

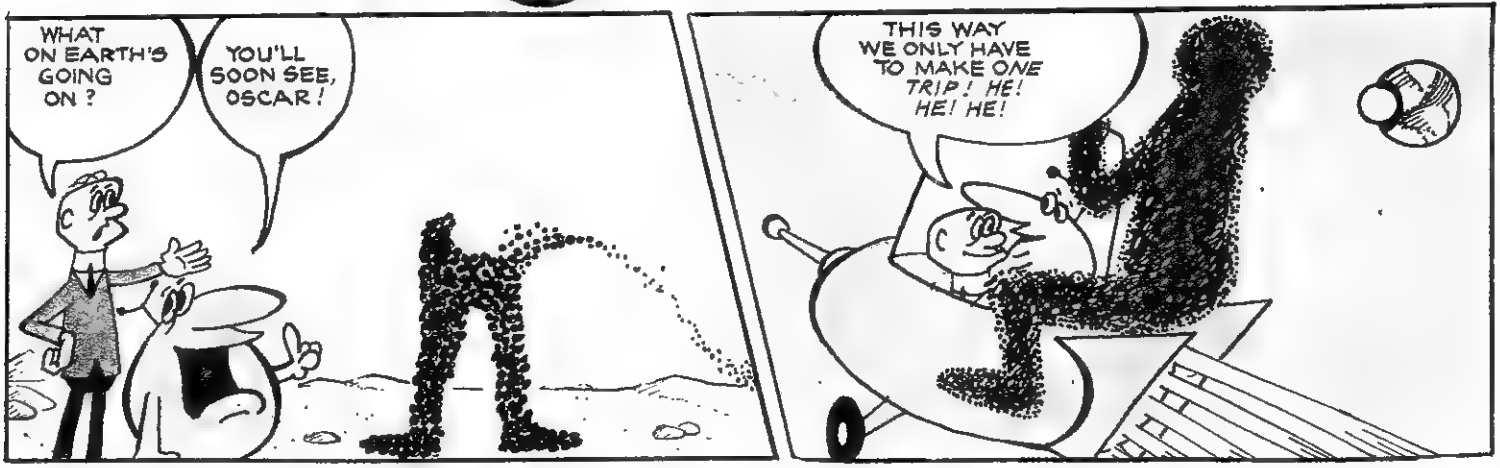
ASTRONUT



HALLO! CAN WE HELP?
I DON'T THINK SO! WE NEED A HAND TO PULL OUR CRAFT OUT OF THE MARSH! YOU LITTLE CHAPS WON'T BE STRONG ENOUGH!
YOU'LL BE SURPRISED... ...WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND ALL RIGHT! HE! HE! HE!
SAUBA

AND SO...
WELL, I'LL BE! THEY'VE DONE IT!
HEAVE!
WE REALLY ARE MOST GRATEFUL! IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU IN RETURN?
AS IT HAPPENS, THERE IS!
YOU CAN TAKE US ALL TO THE PLANET HAIRDO... WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR HAIRY COATS PERMED FOR YEARS!
BUT THERE'S THOUSANDS OF YOU! EVEN IF WE TAKE YOU FIFTY AT A TIME IT'LL TAKE US TEN YEARS OF GOING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS TO RUN YOU ALL THERE!


IT NEED NOT... I HAVE AN IDEA!
HERE'S MY PLAN! WHISPER! WHISPER! WHISPER!
TE! HE! THAT IS CLEVER, I MUST SAY!
TAKE UP NUMBER THREE FORMATION, LADS!



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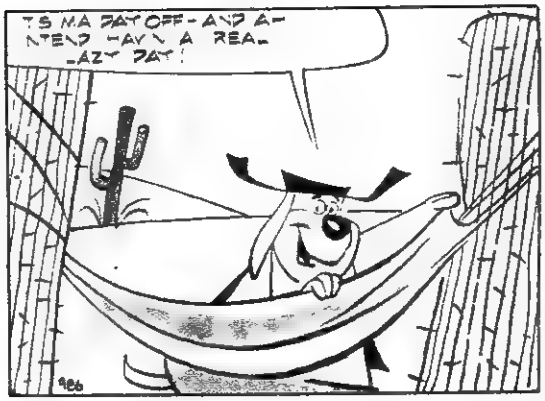
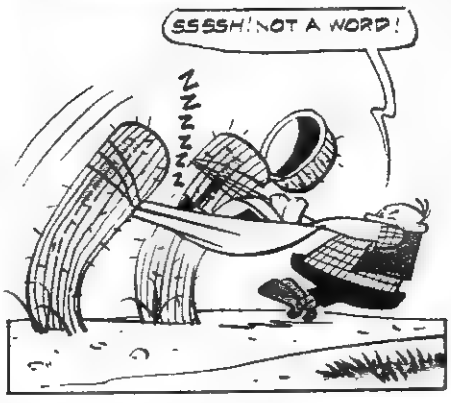
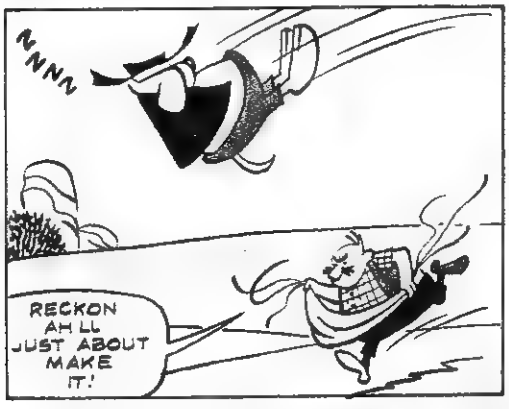
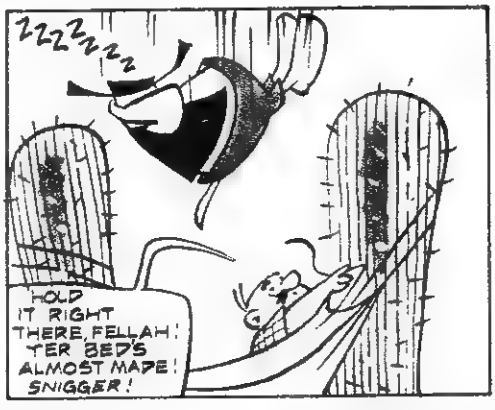
Come rain or shine, next week's weather machine is fine.

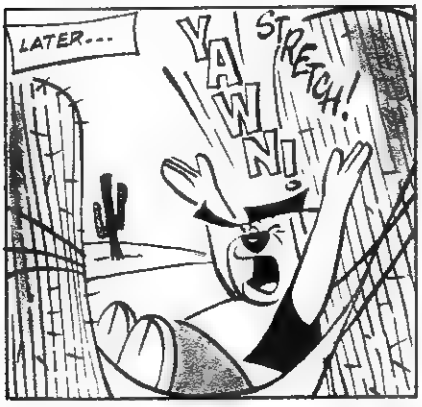
Deputy Dawg

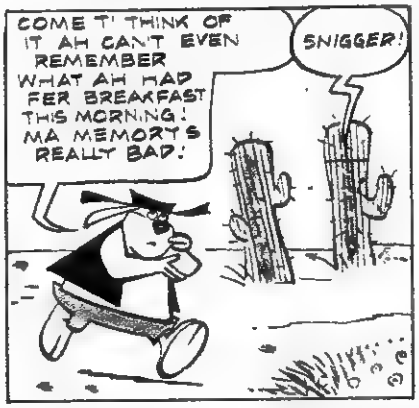


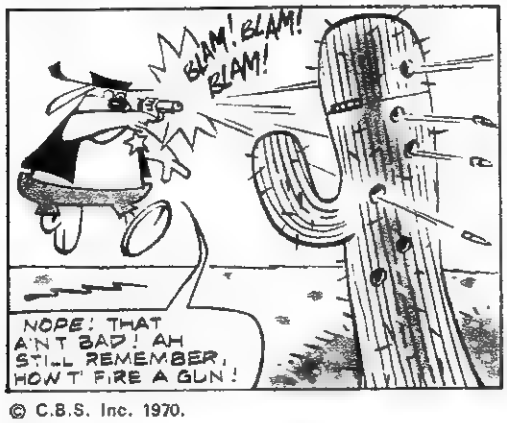












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You'll "howl" next week when a coyote howls.

The INSPECTOR
ZE HO-HUM! ANOTHER DAY! I WONDER WHAT ZE TIME IS?
TICK TOCK
986
?!?
TICK TOCK
TIME BOM
ZEEAAGH! THAT NOT A CLOCK! IT ZE TIME BOMB!
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
BOOM
THAT WAS ZE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
SOMEHOW, I THINK SOME CROOK IS OUT TO GET ME!
ZE GULP! SURELY ZE CHICKEN IT GO 'CLUCK-CLUCK'! NOT 'TICK TOCK'!
TICK TOCK
SOME BAD EGG IS AFTER ME, I THINK!
BOOM!
THIS TIME I NOT FAIL! I FIX ZE INSPECTOR FOR SURE!
ZE HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU - ZE HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
I DON'T LIKE THIS FOR TWO REASONS...
... ONE, IT'S NOT MY BIRTHDAY— AND TWO, I THINK THESE ARE NOT CANDLES!
HEH! HEH!
PERHAPS I PRETEND IT'S MY BIRTHDAY - I'LL BLOW OUT ZE CANDLES AND MAKE A WISH!
ZE AAAGH! ZE NO, NO, NO!
BOOM
AHA! MY WISH COME TRUE AND WHEN THAT BAD EGG COME DOWN, HE SPEND HIS NEXT TWENTY BIRTHDAYS BEHIND BARS!
ZE BAH!

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

A crook ' drops a brick ' next week when he builds a wall.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
TWEETY TWICKS
NOW I MUSTN'T FOWGET WHERE I WEFT MY NICE PWESENT! SO I'LL WEAVE THIS PIECE OF STWING AS A TWAIL, TO GUIDE ME BACK TO IT...
SAY!! DID I HEAR THAT LITTLE BIRD TALKING TO HIMSELF - OR WAS I IMAGINING THE WHOLE THING? THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
HEY, WHAT D' YOU KNOW! HE REALLY WAS TALKING TO HIMSELF! COZ LOOK! HERE'S HIS STUPID PIECE OF STRING!
SAY, THIS IS GREAT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THIS PIECE OF STRING AND IT'LL LEAD ME TO WHERE HE KEEPS HIS PRESENT!
AND WHEN HE TURNS UP - HE'S NOT GONNA FIND A NICE PRESENT - HE'S GONNA FIND NASTY OLD ME INSTEAD! HOR! HOR!
OH GOODY! HE'S FALLEN FOR MY WITTLE TWICK! NOW FOR SOME FUN!
HALLO, HERE'S A BIG NOTICE STUCK TO HIS FRONT DOOR - I WONDER WHAT IT SAYS?
NOTICE
NOTICE
THIS IS TO REMIND ME THAT THE BWINDS ARE DWAWN - COZ GWANNY'S GOT A HEADACHE - SO PWEASE BE QUIET AND USE THE CANDLE!
P.S. A LIGHTER IS SUPPLIED
OKAY! I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT! HERE I AM LIGHTING THE CANDLE!
CLICK!
SAY! THIS IS A FUNNY KIND OF CANDLE! ALL IT DOES IS SPARKLE AND SCHPLUTTER. STILL, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A BIRD-BRAIN?
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
HERE IS THE PWESENT! PWEASE DO NOT OPEN IT TILL I GET BACK.
TWEETY
HMM! JUST A MINUTE! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SCENE THAT BOTHERS ME!... THAT LAST NOTICE READ A LITTLE BIT SUSPICIOUS AND, COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS CANDLE LOOKS MORE LIKE...
TWEETY
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT? HOW CAN HE EXPECT TO OPEN IT IF HE ISN'T BACK ALREADY?
DYNAMITE!
BRRR!!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING? DESPITE EVERYTHING, I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT KIND OF A PRESENT IS IN THAT BOX!
WELL, NO HARM IN HAVING A QUICK PEEK!
BASH
RM
NOW HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE A STUPID LITTLE BIRD LIKE THAT COULD OUTWIT A REAL SMART CAT LIKE ME?
HEE! HEE! IT LOOKS LIKE CURIOSITY REAWT CWOBBERED THE PUTET-TAT!

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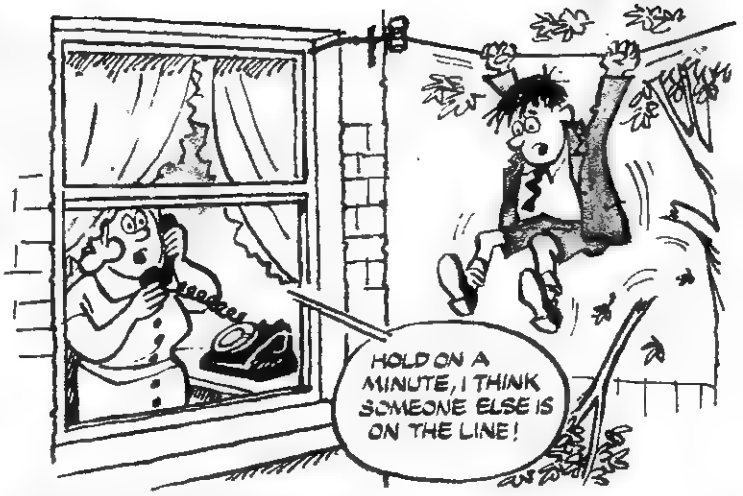
Daffy ' ducks ' next week during the duck shooting!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

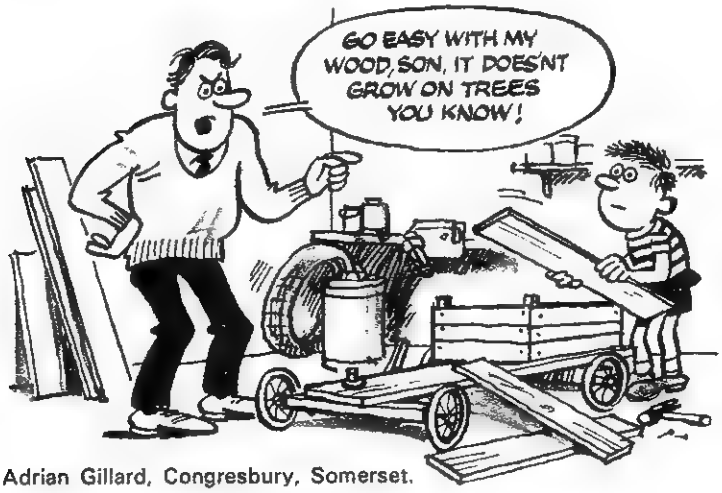
Leslie Roberts, Wirral, Cheshire.



Richard Hobson, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

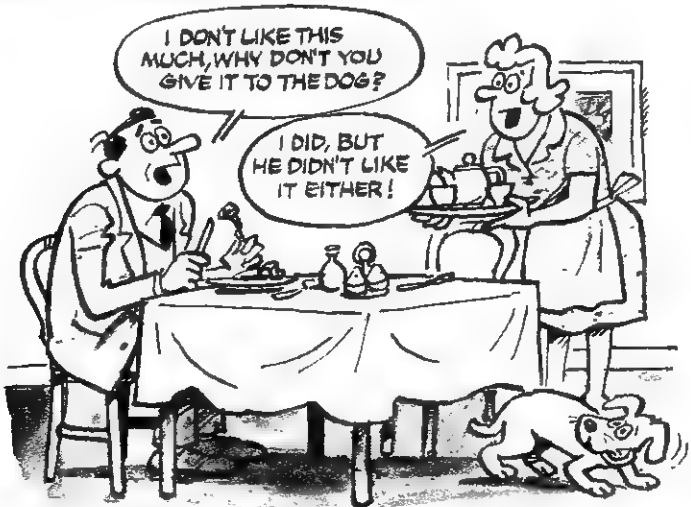
Neil Dring, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex.

M. Grimmett, Solihull, Warwicks.



Adrian Gillard, Congresbury, Somerset.

Kevin Swift, Liverpool, Lancs.



Alan Hurst, Toddington, Beds.

Timothy Lane, Barnwell, Northants.

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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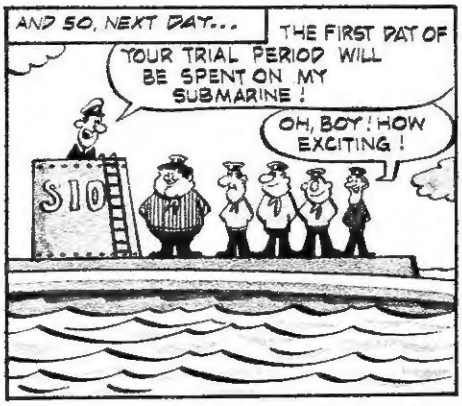
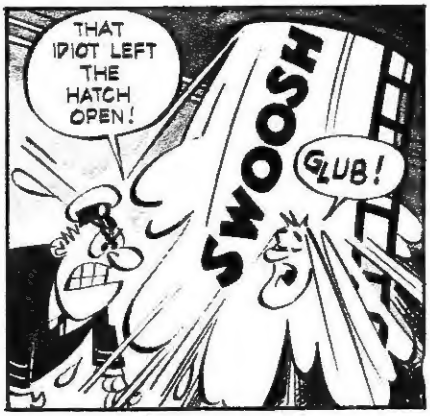
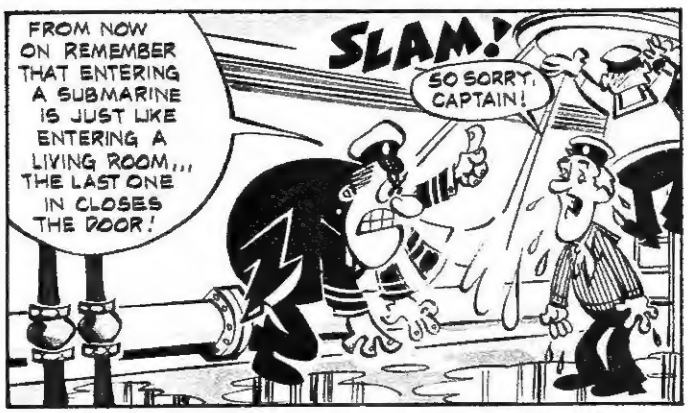
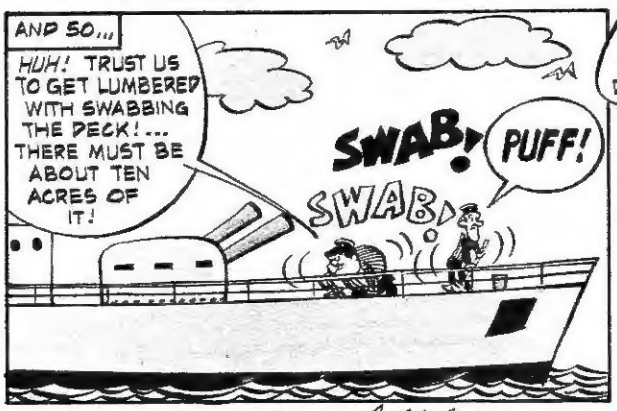
MAY AS WELL GIVE IT A TRY, STAN... WE'VE NOTHING TO LOSE!
NAVY RECRUITING OFF
SPECIAL RECRUITING CAMPAIGN
JOIN THE NAVY FOR A FEW DAYS AND SEE IF IT SUITS YOU!
986

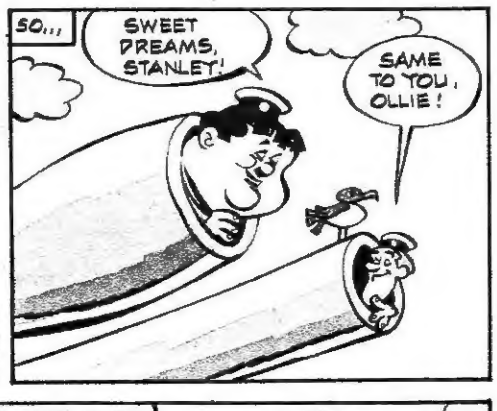


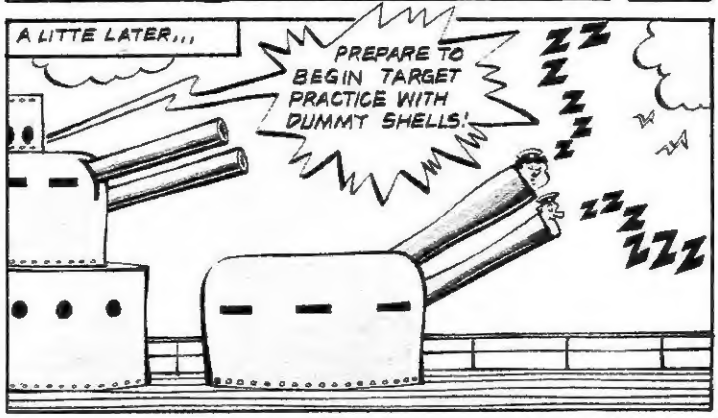


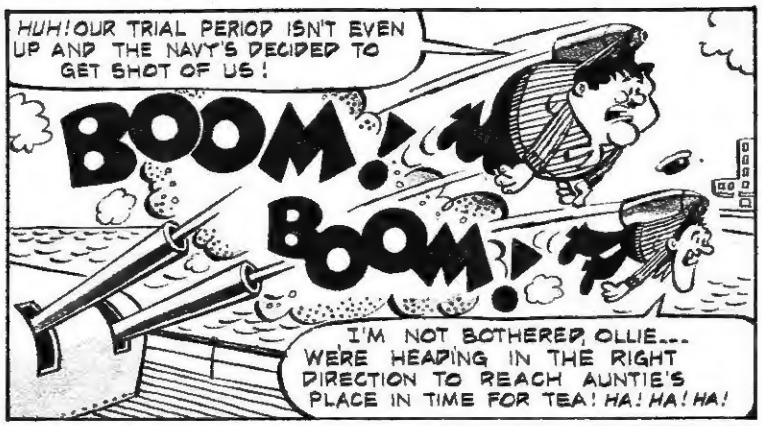

FROM NOW ON REMEMBER THAT ENTERING A SUBMARINE IS JUST LIKE ENTERING A LIVING ROOM... THE LAST ONE IN CLOSES THE DOOR!
SLAM!
SO SORRY, CAPTAIN!

NEXT DAY...
HMMM! DIDN'T GET ON VERY WELL THERE, OLLIE... YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE CAPTAIN'S FACE WHEN I ASKED IF I COULD SLEEP WITH THE WINDOW OPEN... HOW WAS I TO KNOW WE WERE SIXTY FEET DOWN?
NEVER MIND, STAN... TODAY WE'RE GOING ABOARD A BATTLE-SHIP... MAYBE WE'LL DO BETTER!








HUH! OUR TRIAL PERIOD ISN'T EVEN UP AND THE NAVY'S DECIDED TO GET SHOT OF US!
BOOM!
BOOM!
I'M NOT BOTHERED, OLLIE... WE'RE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO REACH AUNTIE'S PLACE IN TIME FOR TEA! HA! HA! HA!

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DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO is called in to investigate when lava mysteriously destroys an inn on Salisbury Plain. He meets an expert on volcanoes, Professor Vinter, who summons the " Fires of the Earth " in a deep wood.

EARLY NEXT MORNING, DOCTOR WHO ARRIVES AT THE RUINED INN...
THIS IS TOM STREETER, THE OWNER OF THE INN. HE USED TO BE A DETECTIVE IN THE POLICE FORCE.
GOOD. YOU CAN HELP ME EXAMINE THE CELLAR. PERHAPS YOU WILL FIND SOME CLUES!
DANGER

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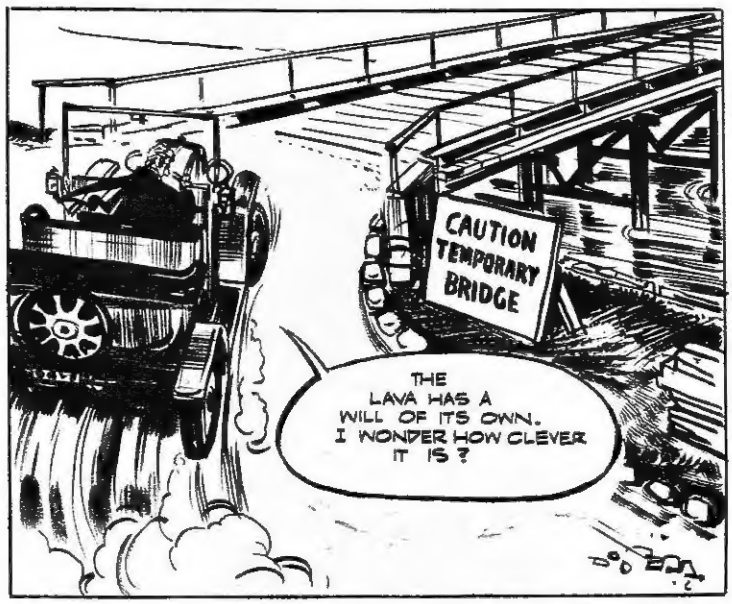
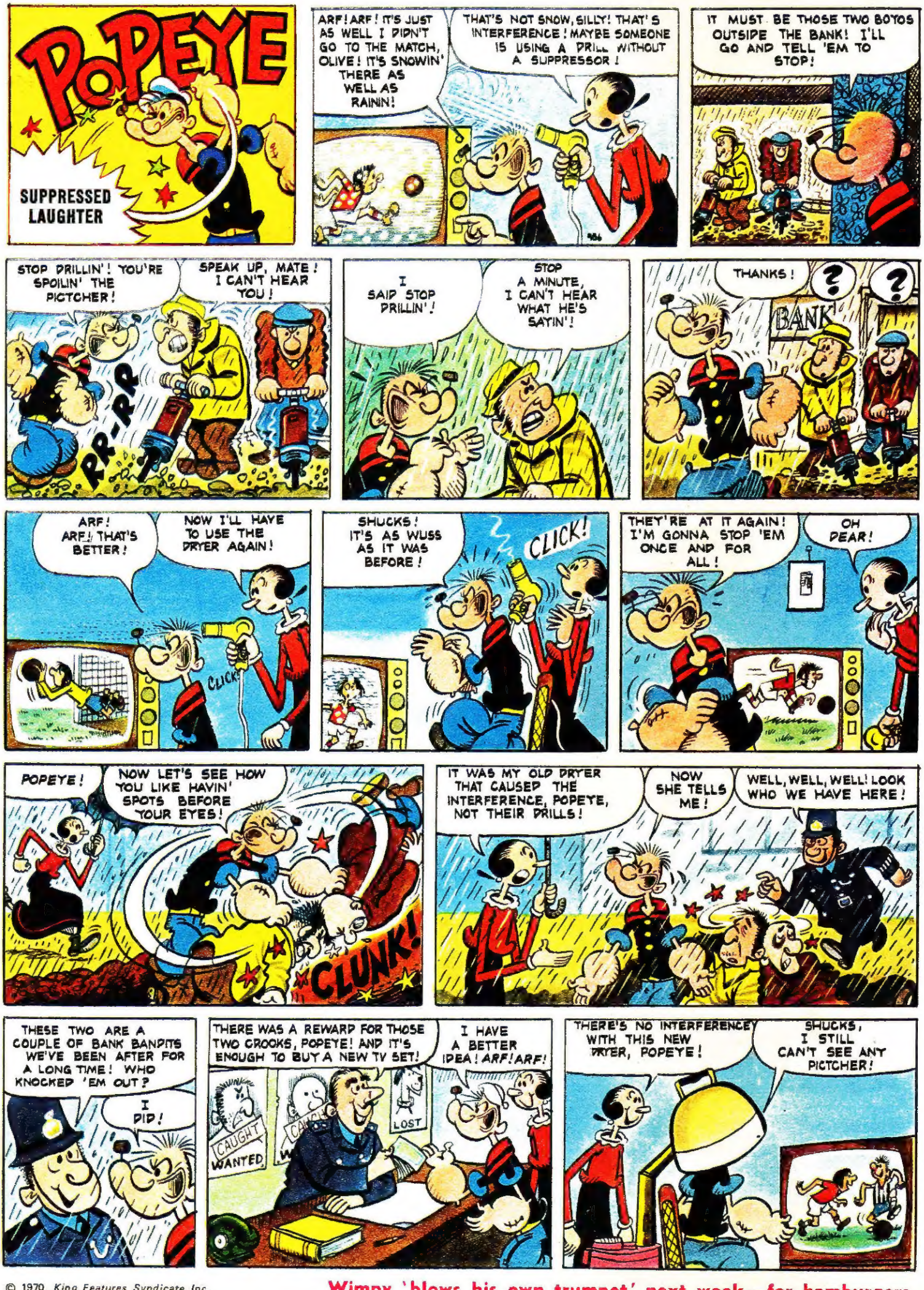


THE LAVA TRIES TO CROSS THE WOODEN BRIDGE, BUT...
FIZZ!
SPLUTTER
SPLOSH!
HA! THE WATER WILL SOON COOL IT DOWN. BUT HOW ODD... IT WAS OBVIOUSLY OUT TO GET ME!

THE FIRE CREATURE REPORTS TO PROFESSOR VINTER...
I AM YOUR SERVANT, MASTER OF THE EARTH. WHY DID YOU CALL ME?
WE HAVE FAILED. THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED THE LAVA!

Can this lava be alive? See next week.


POPEYE
SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER
ARF! ARF! IT'S JUST AS WELL I DIDN'T GO TO THE MATCH, OLIVE! IT'S SNOWIN' THERE AS WELL AS RAININ!
THAT'S NOT SNOW, SILLY! THAT'S INTERFERENCE! MAYBE SOMEONE IS USING A DRILL WITHOUT A SUPPRESSOR!
IT MUST BE THOSE TWO BOYOS OUTSIDE THE BANK! I'LL GO AND TELL 'EM TO STOP!
STOP DRILLIN'! YOU'RE SPOILIN' THE PICTCHER!
SPEAK UP, MATE! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
RR-RR
I SAID STOP DRILLIN'!
STOP A MINUTE, I CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYIN'!
THANKS!
BANK
ARF! ARF! THAT'S BETTER!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO USE THE DRYER AGAIN!
CLICK
SHUCKS! IT'S AS WUSS AS IT WAS BEFORE!
CLICK!
THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! I'M GONNA STOP 'EM ONCE AND FOR ALL!
OH DEAR!
POPEYE!
NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE HAVIN' SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES!
CLUNK!
IT WAS MY OLD DRYER THAT CAUSED THE INTERFERENCE, POPEYE, NOT THEIR DRILLS!
NOW SHE TELLS ME!
WELL, WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE!
THESE TWO ARE A COUPLE OF BANK BANDITS WE'VE BEEN AFTER FOR A LONG TIME! WHO KNOCKED 'EM OUT?
I DID!
THERE WAS A REWARD FOR THOSE TWO CROOKS, POPEYE! AND IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY A NEW TV SET!
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! ARF! ARF!
CAUGHT
WANTED
LOST
THERE'S NO INTERFERENCE WITH THIS NEW DRYER, POPEYE!
SHUCKS, I STILL CAN'T SEE ANY PICTCHER!

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Wimpy 'blows his own trumpet' next week—for hamburgers.